



The Lads on the Brow of the Hill

AT the brow of a hill,
 a fair shepherdesse dwelt,
 Who the pangs of ambition
 her heart never felt.
 A few sober maxims
 run in her head,
 Which was better to her
 when she eat her brown bread.
 For to rise with the lark
 'tis conducive to health;
 And to live in a cottage,
 contentment is wealth;
 Young Roger who liv'd
 in the valley below,
 Who at church and at market
 was reckoned a beau;
 And would oftentimes try
 o'er her heart to prevail;
 And would rest on his pitchfork
 to tale her his tale,
 That with easy addressees
 so gained her heart;
 Being artless herself,
 she suspected no hurt.
 He flatter'd dissembled,
 he kneel'd and implor'd,
 And would lie with the granduer
 and air of a lord.
 Her eyes he commended,
 with language well drest;
 And enlarg'd on the torture
 he felt in his breast.
 That with sighs and with tears
 he soften'd her mind;
 That in downright passion,
 to love she inclin'd.
 But no sooner he melted
 the snow in her breast,
 But the height of his passions
 that moment decreast.
 And now he goes dancing
 all over the vale;
 And he boasts of conquest
 to Rachel and Nell.
 Tho' he sees Neps but seldom,
 he's always in haste;
 Whene'er he speaks of her,
 he makes her his jest.
 Take heed, pretty virgins
 of Britain's fair Isle
 How you venture your hearts
 for a look or a smile.
 For young Cupid is artful,
 and young virgins are frail;
 You may find a false rogue
 in every vale.
 For to court you and try you,
 they'll try all their skill;
 But remember the lads
 on the brow of the hill,